62.

The Mad Man's Morice; or,

A Warning for young-men to have a care,
How they in love intangled are:
Wherein by experience you shall find,
His trouble and grief with discontent of mind.
To a pleasant new tune.

HEard you not lately of a Man,
that went beſides his wits,
And naked through the ſtreets he ran,
wrapt in his frantick fits?
My honeſt neighbours it is I,
hark how the people flout me,
See where the mad man comes, they cry,
with all the boys about me.

Into a pond ſtark naked I ran,
and caſt away my Cloaths Sir,
Without the help of any man,
made ſhift to get away Sir:
How I got out I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Or whether it was cold or hot,
in June or in December.

Tom Bedlam's but a ſtage to me,
I ſpeak in ſober ſadneſs.
For more ſtrange viſions do I ſee,
then he in all his madneſs.

When firſt to me this chance befel,
about the Market walkt I,
With Capons feathers in my cap,
and to my ſelf thus talkt I:
Did you not ſee my love of late,
like Titan in her glory?
Did you not know ſhe was my mate,
and I muſt write her ſtory?
With Pen of Gold on Silver Leaf,
I will ſo much befriend her,
For why, I am of that belief,
none can ſo well commend her.
Saw you not Angels in her eyes,
whilſt that ſhe was a ſpeaking?
Smelt you not ſpells like Paradiſe,
between two rubies breaking:
Is not her hair more pure then gold,
of Ancſt ſpiders ſpinning?
Methinks in her I do behold,
my joys and woes be ginging.

(1670-

Is not a dimple in her Cheek
each eye a ſtar that's ſtarring
Is not all graces inſtal'd in her,
each ſtep all joys imparting:
Methinks I ſee her in a cloud,
with graces round about her;
To them I call and cry aloud,
I cannot live without her.

When raging towards the ſky I rove,
thinking to catch her hand,
When to Jove I call and cry,
to let her by me ſtand:
I look't behind and there I ſaw
my Shadow, me beguile,
I wiſh ſhe were as near to me,
which makes my worſhip ſmile.

There is no creature can compare,
with my beloved Nancy;
Thus I build Caſtles in the Air,
this is the fruit of fancy:
My thoughts mount high above the ſky
of none I ſtand in awe,
Although my body here doth lye
upon a Pad of Straw..

I was as good a harmleſs youth,
before baſe Cupid caught me:
Or his own mother with her charms
into this caſe hath brought me:
Stript and whipt now muſt I be,
in Bedlam bound in chains
Good People now you all may ſee
what love hath for his pains,

When I was young as others are,
with Gallants did I flourish,
Then I was the propereſt Lad
that was in all the Pariſh:

The Bracelet which I us'd to wear,
about my arms ſo tender,
Are turned into Iron plates
about my body ſlender,

My ſilken ſuits do now decay,
my cups of Gold are vaniſhed,
And all my friends do wear away,
as I from them were baniſhed:
My ſilver cups are turn'd to earth,
'm jeer'd of every Clown;
I was a better man by birth,
till Fortune caſt me down.

I am out of frame and temper too,
though I am ſomewhat chearful,
Oh this can love and fancy do,
if that you be not careful:
Oh ſet a watch before your eyes,
leaſt they betray your heart:
And make your ſlaves to vanities,
to act a mad mans part.

Declare this to each Mothers Son,
unto each honeſt Lad:
Let them not do as I have done,
leſt they like me grow mad:
If Cupid ſtrike, be ſure of this,
let reaſon rule affection,
So ſhalt thou never do amiſs,
by reaſons good direction.

I have no more to ſay to you,
my keepers now doth chide me,
Now muſt I bid you all adieu,
God knows what will betide me:
To picking ſtraws [illegible] muſt I go!
my time in Bedlam ſpending,
Good folks you your beginning know,
but do not know your ending.

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